

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And sees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte fore with vnbloody beake?
Euen so suspicious is this Tragedy.

Qu. Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?

Suffolke. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murders Crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

Exit Cardinal

War. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.

War. Madam be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slander to your royall Maiesty.

Suf. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble stocke
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmans of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my soueraignes presence makes mee mute,
I would false murderous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst:
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with mee.

War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries,
downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe,
the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?

Suf. The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with
Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle
of Salisburie.

Salisb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false *Suffolke* here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person:
They say by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dyed,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the Realme,
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht hinder
Would send such message to their Soueraigne:
But you my Lord were glad to be imploy'd,
To try how quaint an Orator you were:
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries,
an answer from the King my Lord of Salisburie.

King. Good *Salisbury* go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore heere I weare,
If *Suffolke* be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies. *Exit Salisburie*

Qu.